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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A THANKSGIVING.

For the wealth of the pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches,
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank thee, O my God.

For the sound of water gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers
I thank thee, O my God.

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new born-day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers
I thank thee, O my God.

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod:
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God.

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God.

For the earth and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light:
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God.

For any eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God.

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of Being
I thank thee, O my God. *Lucy Larcom*

THE TWO OF HEARTS.

Some of the critics said that "The Two of Hearts" was false in sentiment, and others said it was unreal in its situations; a few disappointed dramatists called it unnatural in both. Harold Austin considered it lifelike in either respect, but he was the author and peculiar in his ways.

It was one of his whims to see the first performance from the stalls instead of from the author's box.

"A mere impulse of the moment," the manager said, shrugging his shoulders. "Did I tell you how he decided upon it? No! Oh, he happened to follow me into the book office one day when the man was selling some stall tickets to two ladies. When they had gone he said, 'By Jove, now I come to think of it, I'd rather see it from the stalls myself. Give me the next seat, Jones.' And Jones laughed and said: I'll put you next to the young lady. She's going to sit in B7.' "All right," Austin said; she has a nice voice!' Of course we hadn't seen them, as there was only a small ticket window. The next minute he seemed to have forgotten all about it, and we thought he wanted the ticket for a friend, but when the night came there he was in B6. Queer fellow, very—but most of these young authors are. Clever? Why, yes, or he could not have written the thing. You know what a run it had!"

It is probable, however, that the manager would not have attributed Harold's behavior purely to caprice if he had watched him on the first night. Possibly he might even have suspected that the real drama was being played in front of the curtains. As a matter of fact, he was fully occupied in addressing carpenters and scene-shifters and callboys in language which, the singing chambermaid said, would make a stage complexion blush. So he retained his theory.

The unrehearsed play began during the overture, when the occupants of B7 and B8 walked slowly in—a comely middle-aged lady and a short, dark girl of about twenty, a pretty, piquant girl, whose appearance might have been described as saucily defiant but for the wistfulness of her big eyes and the plaintive drooping at the corners of her rosy mouth. Harold stood up to let them go by, his manner changing from formal politeness to an empressement which begged for recognition, as the daughter succeeded the mother, with a flush and a slight inclination of the head.

"Would you not rather sit this side, mother?" she whispered audibly.

"No, no, dear. Keep your seat."

The play proceeded by his picking up the program which she had dropped—a dainty pink and white affair, decorated with a torn two of hearts.

"This is yours, I think?" He looked meaningly at the severed card

"Thank you, I believe so." She tossed the program carelessly into her lap and turned her back upon him.

"It will be a foolish, sentimental play I suppose," she remarked. "I don't know what possessed us to come to the first night before the papers have pronounced upon it."

"Your father said he heard it would be very good," demurred her mother.

"I wonder who this 'H A.' is?"

She sat sideways again and his look confirmed her expectations as to the authorship.

"I don't see what it matters," she replied indifferently. "After all, he is nothing to us."

He crushed his program viciously.

"Hush!" said her mother.

The curtain drew up and disclosed a country lane such as he had described to the scene painter.

"Why, it might almost be Fern lane, near your Aunt Bessie's, don't you think Molly?"

Surely he had never dared—

A pair of lovers entered from opposite sides and met in the middle of the stage, where play lovers always meet. The gentleman was shorter than he, and the lady was tall and fair, nothing like her. She sighed a sigh of mingled relief and disapointment.

They started in the usual stage manner, with a few remarks chosen so as to indicate the position of affairs. Then they sat down, side by side, on a rustic bench—she knew the bench—and a love scene began. Here and there Molly started at phrases and promises which sounded familiar, and she flushed furiously at the last avowal and embrace. Once or twice she darted a look of scorn in his direction, but he was staring straight at the stage. He was looking very sad and careworn, she thought, and her face softened a little. The curtain went down with the play lass' head upon the play lover's shoulder, and the audience were generous with their applause.

"A very pretty scene," pronounced her mother approvingly. "So true to nature, don't you think?"

"How should I know, mother?" she answered, with a disdainful curl of the lips. "I shouldn't care for so bold a style of courting my self, but tastes differ."

The next scene was a light one between the usual footman and pert housemaid. The spectators, who were evidently in a good humor so far, roared with laughter, but he and she studied their program with an air of boredom. The scene had no bearing apparently on the drama in the stalls.

Her eyes flashed again when the curtain drew up upon a merry card party just coming to a close. The guests took their leave, the host and hostess accompanying them out of the room, and the play lover and his lady were left alone. There had evidently been a quarrel, for they stood at opposite sides of the table and looked anywhere but at one another. He frowned moodily and stole a glance at her whenever her head was averted. She toyed restlessly with a pack of cards and scattered them here and there, keeping her eyes fixed upon the table. For several minutes the play proceeded in looks and shrugs of the shoulders, but at last he took a card from a pack on his side of the table and held it out to her so that all the audience could see it was the ace of hearts.

"Were you looking for this?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she replied. "It is yours, not mine."

"It is yours if you wish to have it."

"But I have one here—see."

"Are you sure it is quite your own?"

Her eyes dropped and he just touched her hand with his.

"Won't you change, Phyllis?" he asked, tenderly.

She made no answer, but her face told her thoughts, for the play lady was a skillful actress.

"Won't you?" he pleaded again, ed going round the table to her side.

"Two aces of Hearts would be useless in one pack," she said, trying to ignore his latter question. How the actress made them see the lovelight in her eyes! But he put his arm around her and drew her close to him.

"Not if they belong together like these—and ours," he cried triumphantly, holding up the two of hearts in full view.

Then there were explanations and love-making and promises, and he put the card in his pocket as a reminder of their renewed vow.

So the first act ended.

"Now you see why it's called 'The Two of Hearts,'" said her mother. "Wasn't it worked in cleverly?"

Molly whispering something.

"Eh, dear? You must speak louder or I can't hear"

"I think the situation ridiculous," said she, tossing her head. "Why could not they make it up in a straightforward way without all that nonsense about the cards. What sensible people would jog through such a rigamarole?"

She dropped her fan and he and she stooped together to pick it up.

"We weren't sensible," he whispered.

"Thank you," said she sweetly aloud. "It was careless of me to drop it, but this stupid play is making me fidgety."

He bowed without speaking; she turned sharply to her mother.

The curtain went up again on a drawing-room scene from which the lovers were absent, and the plot proceeded almost imperceptibly through a lot of light business to amuse the gallery. The funny man made love to the stout maiden lady and sat upon his hat, as funny men do. The pert housemaid was demure to their faces and made game behind their backs. The footman told secrets to the wrong persons and fell over the footstool. Mrs. Tattleton talked scandal to his mother and the villain blackened his character to her aunt. Then kind-hearted old General Blunderboy, with his red face and irascible temper, came in and flew in a rage about nothing and mixed up his dates and facts so as to fill in the blanks in the conversation with wrong meanings. Thus the train was laid.

"Whatever is it leading to, Molly?" asked her mother. "I do hope it won't make trouble between them, poor dears!"

"Why should it?" Molly answered absently.

Yet it seemed partly to account for a trouble that happened to real people a year ago, about the time when the plaintive droop appeared at the corners of her pretty mouth. Her eyes caught his, which said as plain as could be, "it did." She bit her lipand waited silently.

The next scene was at a garden party, and he and she were there. The conversation returned to the topics of the last scene. The play lady stared and the play lover glared as they listened. They entered into careless badinage, but you could see the anger and misery in their faces. The lover crushed a flower to pieces as he smiled and put his foot upon it. The lover in the stalls tore his program nearly to pieces. The lady laughed and jested, but there were tears in her eyes. In truth, they were in Molly's eyes, too. At last they said good day with apparent friendliness, but as they pretended to shake hands they seemed to spurn one another away.

"It might be real," said her mother, enthusiastically. "Don't you think the author must have copied it from an actual scene?"

"He would scarcely be so mean and unmanly," said Molly, her voice sounding clearly in the lull. "Besides, it doesn't strike me as real at all."

Harold's eyes looked pleadingly at her, but she ignored him resolutely.

"I will not let him see that I care," she thought. "He shouldn't have put it in a play. Oh, he shouldn't!"

In the next scene the play lover called to ask for an explanation instead of offering one, as the play lass expected. They were all at cross purposes and the misunderstanding grew worse and worse. The ladies in the audience clasped and unclasped their hands and the gentlemen sat still and silent. At last there was a passionate quarrel and parting. He took the card from his pocket and tore it in two, rending both the hearts.

"I will keep this half as a warning never to trust a woman again," he said. "Go!" she cried, stamping her small foot; "go!"

So he went, but at the door he turned with a last appeal.

"If you care for me, Phyllis—if you ever cared for me—"

"I do not care for you; I never cared for you," she replied, and he went out.

Then she picked up the piece of the card which he had thrown down and pressing it to her lips, cast herself upon the sofa in a storm of weeping.

"It has touched his dear hand," she sobbed, thrusting it into her bosom.

"How could he know?" Molly almost cried aloud.

Twice the curtain rang up in answer to the torrent of applause, while the ladies dried their eyes.

"It is so comforting to have a good cry," remarked her mother cheerfully, fanning herself. "I wish pater were here to get us some ices."

"Will you allow me to perform the small service, Miss Vane?" he asks promptly, and without waiting for her answer, arose and departed swiftly in search of them.

"Do you know him, Molly? Who is he?" demanded her mother, in a tone of surprise.

She bit her lip and flushed.

"Oh, some one I met at Aunt Bessie's," she answered coldly. "Austin, his name is. A journalist or something of the sort. I believe. I didn't like him much!"—(oh, Molly!)—"but I couldn't well refuse to let him get the ices, could I?"

"He didn't give you much chance," said her mother, laughing. "I like a quick, resolute way like his. He has a very nice face, dear. Clever—and good."

Molly made no answer. But when he returned her mother and he were in friendly conversation, in spite of her cool monosyllables.

The next scene found the lover confiding his sorrows to the villian, who of course, took the opportunity to poison his mind further against her and to make the breach wider. Later on poor Phyllis endeavored to conceal her grief from her aunt by affecting to dislike him, and the aunt increased her sorrow and anger by repeating the calumnies which she had heard from the villain. Then a year was supposed to elapse.

After this the lover appeared talking to good old General Blunderboy in the corner of a gorgeous club smoking room. The general, who was no fool in spite of his irascibility, had more than half guessed the state of affairs and was putting his young friends upon the tacks of the truth. To his protests that much remained unexplained he had only one answer: "She's a good girl and I won't believe that she played you false," and finally he stamped off in a rage. "What are you to do?" he thundered. What's the good of asking me? Go and tell her you believe in her and take her in your arms, you young fool!"

But the play lover sat with his head in his hands until the footman turned up as a waiter, and in the fashion of stage servants began to enter into confidences.

"Shure an' it's myself that was sorry to see that Mr. Siggers makin' mischief between ye and Miss Phyllis, the purtiest and the best little lady that ever was," he said feelingly. "An' there's somethin' that I've been thinkin' ye ought to know." Then with a few words he let daylight into the business, and the play lover rushed off for his hat, leaving him standing with his eyes open. "Shure, he'll go straight off and make it up with her if he's any sense," he soliloquized; "the next purtiest lass to Mary that ever was."

In the last scene he found her as he always finds her on the stage. She greeted him with assumed indifference, but her reserve melted suddenly when he told her the truth. She sank in a chair with her face to the audience, as stage lasses do, and he put his arm around her in the most approved fashion of play lovers.

"Phyllis, dear," he cried, holding up his half of the card for every one to see, "I have kept it, but I found that it would recall no ill thought of you."

Then she blushingly produced her half and they joined them together.

The gods in the gallery shouted and stamped, the boxes, stalls and balconies clapped, and waved handkerchiefs, and all cried, "Author, author!" His hand found hers without any one noticeing it in the excitement, and if any one had noticed they would scarcely have detected that he gave her a torn piece of playing card. Then he stood up smiling and bowed all around amid thunders of applause, while pretty Molly forgot her dignity and laughed and nodded at him and clapped till her dainty kid gloves were spoiled.

"To think of his being the author," said her mother, as they drove home, "and your knowing him. I wonder if it was founded on fact?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Molly, hiding her face in the shadow.

"Do you know the lady, dear?"

"I know the lady of all but the last scene," she said faintly. "I—oh, mother!"

"You—oh, Molly! And—the last scene, my dear?"

Her mother touched her gently on the arm.

"He is calling to-morrow," she answered softly.

Her hand closed in her pocket on the halves of a torn card.—*Michigan Mirror.*

TRAMP AND ARTIST.

"Thank God for all things beautiful," cried the artist.

"Thank God for my good dinner," said the tramp.

Then she wiped her mouth on the back of her rough hand, and the artist felt for his pipe.

He found it and fumbled for some matches, laying palette and brushes carefully on the ground.

The matches found, he struck one. Encountering in the process a glance from curious eyes, he sent the box spinning in their owner's lap.

"Join me?" he said, and, the tramp acquiescing with a nod, tossed a cigarette after it, as he had some time before tossed her his luncheon out of the wallet at his feet.

She picked it up and fingered it, then placed it somewhat gingerly between her lips.

It was a maiden effort. That was evident. He laughed when the thing rolled smoking to his feet.

Presently the girl's gaze wandered to the canvas.

"Is that me?" she asked, and paused and flushed resentfully.

"A doubtful likeness, since you fail to recognize it." He laughed.

"It looks," she said and stopped.

"Well?" he urged, expectant of a quaint criticism.

"Like a play actress,—in tights," she finished, frowning heavily.

He chuckled. The remark amused him. He knew so many "play actresses in tights" who would shrink from contact with this dusty wayside wanderer, yet in turn this vagrant shrank from them. She resented even the resemblance of a curve. The thing was humorous.

He turned and glanced at the canvas. Yes, he had outlined the figure somewhat daringly, but then it was that grand sweep from knee to shoulder which had first attracted him. He had passed her earlier in the day, sitting by the roadside combing out her hair—had passed her, with his still buoyant step and knapsack strapped to shoulder, humming gayly. But—struck by something in the girl's attitude—he had retraced his steps and asked her to sit to him.

She still regarded the pictured lines of dissatisfaction, puckering her brows

"Well," said the artist.

"Them boots of mine," she answered. A pause. "Couldn't you rub 'em out?" persuasively. "I've got a better pair, spring side uns in my bundle." The artist shook his head. They were bad boots, he conceded, but good art. "Is it for the Royle academy?" she said.

"What do you know about the Royal Academy, pray?"

"Oh, nothin, really, but I've been there once afore."

"I thought you told me this was your first sitting?"

"So 'tis—to remember; I was a baby the larst time. Father took me. 'E was a artist too. 'E wos a reel un, though, not a paivement chalker."

He laughed.

"That's understood, since he was a Royal academician. What was his name?"

"I ain't a-goin to tell."

"What was the subject?"

"I wos—in long clothes. Mother remembers it. It wos the time 'e come to see'er, an she saw the picture afterward in a winder in Pall Mall."

He was embellishing his signature with a flourish of the brush, when a thought seemed to strike him and hold him by the wrist.

"What was it like? Did your mother ever tell you?"

"'Course she did, lots of times. She was proud to think 'e'd noticed me. I was lyin a'most naked on some workus lookin steps, an 'my eyes was wide open, lookin up'ards at the stars."

"'The Love Child!'"

"That's it! You've seed the picture, too?"

"Often," quietly. "It's copied quite a deal."

His hand was growing careless; it swerved, and the brush slipped. The girl cried out; there was a daub across the canvas.

"There now," regretfully, "you have made a smudge acrost your name."

The artist did not answer. His silence and abstraction were taken as dismissals. She hitched up her bundle, wishing him good day.

"No, wait a bit." He got up for the first time and came and stood before her. "Won't you shake hands before you go, my—my dear?"

Bewildered, but gratified, she gave him hers at once. It was rough and sunburned and perhaps not overclean, yet there was a curious resemblance between the tramp's hand and his own. He dropped it hurriedly.

"How old are you, my child?"

"Eighteen come Christmas."

His eyes were were on her face. They studied it intently.

"Ah-h!" he said, and dropped a few steps back. "Well, goodby. Good luck. God bless you."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"What are you crying for?"

The tears brimmed over.

"At you. You spoke so kind. You made me think of mother."

"A hint for your future guidance." His voice was hard again. "Never trust a man because he appears 'kind.' They are mostly dangerous, and often the worst sort."

The change in his tone depressed her. She sighed forlornly. "Pore mother told me that."

His glance fell to earth. A pink-tipped daisy was peeping above the grass. He ground it into the sod with the toe of his heavy boat.

"Good-bye, again."

She took his proffered hand.

"Stop that. I can't bear to see a woman cry."

Stop it she couldn't, but she crooked her arm and held it before her face.

"Life's so 'ard," she moaned. "People is such 'ogs, an, oh, I'm so lonely since my pore mother died."

He stood beside her, listening to her sobs.

"My dear," he said at last, "we are all lonely—you on the high road, I in the cities, 'pore mother' in her grave."

He paused, laying a hand on the girl's heaving shoulder. "Loneliness is the common lot; we carry it hidden in our souls through life. Even in crowds it cries out ceaselessly above the din. We can make a noise to drown it, we can bury it deep down, we can call our friends together and smoke and drink upon its tomb—it will creep out in the night time, when the others are all gone and, climbing on to our pillows, sit and jabber to us in the dark. But life has to be lived through," throwing back his head, "its prizes fought for, squabbled over, and errors, I suppose, must be committed by the way. There's truth so brutal it might almost keep one good. The man who 'sees life' isn't asked to pay the piper; the wages are exacted, but it's the innocent who pay."

The tramp's tears were dried; she was lost in admiring wonder.

"Take my advice, my dear," said the man, with a curiously gentle smile, "the advice of a man who might almost be your—father: Go on being respectable; stay innocent—keep good."

He patted her shoulder, then gave it a gentle push. And so they parted. He watched her tramping down the long white road.

"Confound her eyes!" he muttered.

"That's why they haunted me!"

She trudged on with her bundle. His eyes followed almost yearningly. She rounded a bend. The tramp looked back. "Liz!" he murmured, half unconscious.

"Poor, pretty, foolish Liz!"

His own voice roused him. He smiled into vacancy. "That was the name! I thought I had forgotten."

The road turned. She disappeared from view.

He whistled, frowned, finally shrugged his shoulders.

"If she'd only been a lady," presently. He was staring at the canvas. "Rah! What nonsense! A tramp! Her mother's child!"

He fell on one knee and began packing up his traps.

"Life's so 'ard, an people is such 'ogs."

His laugh rang out, but it wasn't a merry one. Picking up the picture, he held it in both hands.

"Good-by, young mournful eyes," he said. "Good luck go with you. You've given me a heartache, but I wish you well."

His face twitched. He laid the canvas gently down.

"I'll burn the thing," he said, "directly I get home."—*Sketch.*

Spiders' Web Silk.

It would appear from all accounts that M. Chacot's enterprise of the manufacture of spiders' web silk is to be pursued on a large scale, a factory in Paris having been taken for the purpose. Here the spiders will be kept and worked at regular hours, and when one of them is used up he will be fed and helped back to condition again, while another will take his place on the bobbin. An expert, fully acquainted with the habits of the insect, will be in control of the spider department of the factory, the care of them, feeding, housing, etc.

In obtaining the requistie supply, if the latter exceeds what is necessary for the industry, experiments will be made with a view to ascertaining which of the different varieties produces the finest quality of silk, and in this way those not favored with a fine web will be weeded out. Trials will likewise be made with different diets in order to determine whether or not it is possible to train the spider to give forth a web that is an improvement on the ordinary product, the expectation being that perseverance in this respect will result in securing a quality of silk hitherto unsurpassed.

The number of people at present who speak English is said to be 116,000,000.

In ten years the descendants of two rabbits, if left unmolested, will number 70,000,000.

There are twenty-seven royal families in Europe, two-thirds of which are of German origin.

Of the nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants of Berlin, only 42,000 have an annual income of over $750.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEWYORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong's also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Military drill is an excellent exercise for boys. If conducted properly, it has many good features. The erect carriage, the keeping step with others, and the agility requisite for performing all the manœuvres promptly and accurately, are themselves desirable. But by far the best feature, as it seems to us, is the self-control which the drill inculcates. Any thing which leads a boy to exercise self-restraint, tends to strengthen his character. During the present term the new supervisor of the Institution, Mr. Brink, has been drilling the boys of both the blind and the deaf departments. They have made excellent progress, and while of course it was for a time tiresome and distasteful to the young recruits, they have now come to take a proper pride in it. Mr. Brink has devised a system of manual signals for directing the deaf boys, while the blind boys are given their commands orally. We congratulate officers and squad upon their good work.—*Editorial in Cal. News.*

THE above is from the pen of the observant, erudite and poetic Prof. Caldwell, who lets his light so shine, through the editorial department of the California *News*, that its bright beams pierce the density of this wicked world. This time another fact and a wise deduction is sent forth to the skeptical, to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested.

Military drill is about the best thing that can be devised for deaf boys in our schools for the deaf. A few short years ago, we would not have made such statement. It then seemed to be outside the realms of the possible for a large number of deaf boys to obey a command with anything like precision and unity in its execution. For a column to keep perfect step in marching, there appeared to be no hope whatever.

That was when the boys at the New York Institution assembled on the play-ground about five years ago, and began their initial effort in the school of soldier. They were certainly an eccentric looking lot. The wise (?) heads prophesied failure and some protested against what seemed a burlesque. But mark the outcome.

Yesterday the editor witnessed a most beautiful drill by these same boys.

They kept perfect step under varying and aggravating conditions of hill and tree obstruction. Their prompt execution of every command, in the marching evolutions, was little short of wonderful. In the drill with guns, each company (there were three) moved as a unit.

But while we take pride in noting the excellence in military tactics which these boys displayed, it is merely an incident—a praiseworthly one—in their education. The principles underlying their success is the main thing. As the *News* says: "Anything which leads a boy to exercise self-restraint tends to strengthen his character."

When one considers the attentiveness that is essential in military training, the instant comprehension, the trained obedience and the prompt and accurate execution, it will at once be seen that it has a powerful influence upon shaping the character in the way of concentration of mind, clearness of apprehension, and an ever-present sense of the importance of upright deportment.

We congratulate the boys of the California Institution upon the valuable advantage which this new departure will give them.

MR. C. W. CHARLES, of the Ohio Institution, has gotten up a little "Manual of Printing" for the use of the apprentices in the printing office of that school. It contains some very useful information, in simple form, and will undoubtedly give impetus to the progress of pupils in the "art preservative."

THE Gallaudet College foot ball team has made a great record this season. We are all proud of them, and believe that their success in their battles on the gridiron, forecasts their future successes in the battle of life, wherein grit and determination, allied with tact and ability, forms the winning combination.

OUR Chicago and St. Louis correspondence arrived too late for this issue. The paper goes to press a day earlier than usual, on account of Thanksgiving.

IOWA.

THE I. A. A. D. INCORPORATES—AT WAR—OTHER ITEMS.

Our absence from these columns for the past month or so, is partly due to the scarcity of news of any import concerning the deaf. Scarce, because we have not taken the time to look after the goings, comings and doings of others, and scarce because there is so little social intercourse among the deaf of this vicinity, where two factions are arrayed one against the other. There is no club at which one might meet and have an hour or so of pleasure or enjoyment, or any gathering of any kind that would help banish the dull cares of this life. There is too much selfishness and enemity for the good of society. But such is the condition, and it is to be deplored that it is as it is One party exists whose sole aim it seems is to stir up as much opposition as possible, because of some petty jealousy. Until such business ceases, or until better sense prevails, will there be any peace. It is time, however, that this business should be brought to a halt, and that sudden, too, before somebody gets into trouble.

We will no longer burden the reader with our wail, but one's greivances are never off the mind until told some one else, and we trust our readers will excuse us from being such a horrible bore.

A. C. Loes and Robert Goodwin are employed in the Kirkwood Hotel in the capacity of dish washers. They but recently came to the city at the solicitation of a friend (theirs?), but they do not intend to stay very long, Chicago being their objective point. We trust the deaf of the windy city will turn out and give them a royal welcome on their arrival.

There is to be a meeting of the heads of the various State institutions with the Board of Control in this city, on December 14th, at which papers on subjects pertaining to the welfare and management of certain institutions are to be read. Superintendent Rothert, of the Iowa School for the Deaf, is to read a paper on the sign-language.

The announcement that the Iowa Association for the Advancement of the Deaf had been incorporated, appeared in the press last week. The officers are J. Schuyler Long, President, Delavan, Wis; First Vice-President, Matthew McCook, Dubuque; Second Vice-President, Alfred F. Adams, Washington, D. C.; Secretary, Miss Lilla McGowan, Ocheyedan; Treasurer, C. S. Zorbaugh, Council Bluffs.

This is one step in its favor and we wish it success.

Word was received by Mr. Ashman, announcing the marriage of his sister, Lucy, to Mr. William Davis, at Beacon, on Monday, the 14th.

Since the Board of Control came into power, a law went into effect making it obligatory for the teachers to hold teachers' certificates to enable them to teach in schools and institutions of the State. This made it necessary for a number of the School for the Deaf to take the required examination for certificates. The examinations were held in the court house in Council Bluffs, by an examining board, and the *Nonpareil* states that all passed with much credit.

In absence of our better half we were going to say, but we never had any—we are batching—it and it brings to mind numerous incidents experienced in camp life in Camp Gallaudet in days gone by. The preparations for grub was the most laborious and interesting of all. How many were there to take a hand at it, and how numerous were the suggestions of this one and that one on their particular dishes. How the freshman made a custard pie and set it upon a box to cool while he went off fishing and how he found it on his return. The wind blew the box over and the pie—boiled milk and eggs rather—fell off and spread itself over the box and the ground.

This was on the occasion of the co-eds' visit to camp, and the pie was intended to appease the appetites of the almost famished ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashman and baby spent Sunday with relatives near Sevastopol.

Items of interest concerning the deaf of the Hawkeye State, addressed to 408½ East 5th Street, Des Moines, Ia., will be thankfully received by

Nov. 15, '98, LE ROY.

ALBANY—TROY NEWS.

A surprise party was tendered Mrs. Edmund R. Van Wormer, at Albany, Saturday afternoon, November 19th. Mrs. V. appreciated it, and thanked those present for it.

The prize in the Donkey Contest was won by Thomas Doody, who pinned the tail one-sixteenth inch nearest the right spot. The other games, among them the game of letters, greatly amused all.

We regetted that not one of those young ladies invited put in an appearance at the party. It had been raining pretty hard all day. That is the reason why they were prevented from going there. The names of young men able to be present are: Messrs Andrew Keenan, Henry Held, W. C. Corbett, Philip Johnson, Thomas Doody, Martin Flynn, and J. L. Connerton. At ten o'clock, they all enjoyed a very fine collation. I almost forgot to say the prize, won by Doody, was a dime in silver, given by the too generous Johnson

Philip Johnson told me at the party, that at the house Mr and Mrs. Tulloch occurred a merry party that very night, and that so far as he knew several persons, of Troy, were among them.

It is not often that a deaf-mute interviews in writing another (deaf-mute). Such is the case in Albany, where W. C. Corbett was accosted by a certain deaf-mute whom he (Corbett) recognized at first sight. The deaf-mute had written on the pad to ask where Mr. ——— was just then. Getting through reading, Corbett immediately took him by surprise by signs and said: "Why, look here, Don't your remember me?" The surprised person looking closer, now recognized him, for he signed out dropping his jaw, "Is it Corbett," at the same time shaking hands with him.

John H. Hogan bid adieu to Albany, on Wednesday last, because he has obtained a job in Syracuse. He felt bad on parting with friends. His moist eyes were blinking.

Mrs. Joseph Getting is keeping a boarding house up in Waterford.

Frank Sullivan returned to Rome, November 5th, having given up hope off transfer to Westchester, as no necessary papers were issued at Albany. Hence this action.

Henry S. De Celle goes to New York, this week, to spend Thanksgiving Day.

Charles F. Mull has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tulloch since Election Day.

Philip Johnson visited Joseph Notley at Schenectady. He goes there again soon. Something else attractive there?

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Connerton moved over to Troy from Green Island last week.

Mr. Van Allen was to have been ordained Deacon November 15th, but it has now been postponed to December 16th, so that all the clergyman invited will have an opportunity to be present. The night before will occur an annual festival in honor of Gallandet, (to take place on the 15th instead of the 10th of December, in compliance with Mr. Van Allen's wishes.)

C. Augustus Smith has been with Stowell & Son's Printing House for the last 24 years. Is there any one in that line of occupation who can break that record?

That alleged deaf-mute I mentioned in the JOURNAL, is still confined in the hospital (sick.) When he gets well, he will be arraigned on a charge of swindling. He writes in German. A deaf man called and found him unacquainted with the sign-language. It would not do to do him an injustice. He might have been immediately stricken deaf and dumb. If he lies, we will certainly find out sooner or later.

We recently published an account of Mull's party at new Salem. Now we beg leave to add that we had a collation there, and a very nice one it was. Fun ran thick and fast at the table.

Miss Costigan's step-father died several weeks ago, survived by Mrs. Costigan and daughter. Their many friends sympathize with them in their bereavement.

Artist John L. Saxton, of Paris, is here visiting his father and mother.

Charles Bass writes a friend here that he is satisfied with his present place.

Teacher—Johnny, what do you do on Thanksgiving day?

Johnny—Eat turkey, and go see the foot ball game.

J. L. C.

A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.

When a young man tells a girl a lot of yarns, she isn't to be blamed for giving him the mitten.

STATE OF OHIO.

Foot Ball on the Home Grounds.

THE CLEVELAND DAY SCHOOLS.

Various News Notes of Interest.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

For the first time this season a chance was given the rooters to observe a good game of foot ball on the home grounds. This took place Saturday last, and the two contesting clubs were the Alerts eleven and the Athletics of this city. The latter are by far more the superiors of our boys in size and strength, but as the game progressed it was easily seen that the race is not always with the strong. Tact and dexterity are necessary qualifications in a contest, and these the Alerts possessed to a good degree, and hence enabled them to win against other odds. When the end came, the score stood 12 to 5 in favor of the Alerts. Messrs Whitehead, Holmes and Krull, distinguished themselves by making some fine long runs. There was a very large attendance to witness the game. Before this contest, there was another between the Central High School Brownies and Hobson elevens, and was quite exciting. It ended in favor of the Hobsons, 17 to 0. Messrs. Craig, Brochok and McCann were the star players of the game, Brochok securthe ball and making an eighty yard dash for the goal.

Miss Mary C. Bierce sent us the following from the Cleveland *Press*, of November 8th and 10th:—

"After the adjournment of school council, Monday evening, the members held a meeting in the committee room, for the purpose of discussing the school for the deaf.

"It was decided that the money which is forthcoming by provision of the legislature, Jan. 1, should be used for the rental of a number of large rooms about the city, and in preparing them for school purposes. A number of additional teachers will be employed, care being taken to get the best. The attendance will increase to at least 120, when the new schools are opened.

"Director Sargent was instructed to make a choice of rooms suitable for the purpose required, and the school board will immediately set about getting things in readiness for the extension of this branch of the school work. It is the purpose of the council to devote special attention to the school for the deaf hereafter. The members say they hope to make the school one of the best of its kind in the country.

"Director Sargent was engaged, Thursday, in considering a suitable place for the establishing of the school for deaf children. The present school is now at the Rockwell building. Director Sargent said: "We feel that a more central location for this school is necessary and it is probable that the new school will be located in the neighborhood of Willson Ave. This will give it easy access from the car lines of the East-end and Newburg, as well as the West-side."

Messrs. Frank Philpott, J. W. W. Powell, of Akron; John Benedict, of Massillon; and E. C. Towner, of Cleveland; were shaking hands with friends here Sunday. Mr. Philpott reports plenty of work in the printing office where he works—The Werner Printing Company.

Tony Schwartz, a former pupil of this school, has been working in Gas City, Ind., W. S. Glass Works. The foreman thereof considers him the steadiest worker in the factory, in fact, holds the best record for working the highest orders in his line of goods. They are very desirous of keeping Tony. His brother Frank expects to work there next month.

The pupils were excused from study, Tuesday evening, and instead were given a reading by the by the Scottish-American reader and impersonator, Helen Stuart Richings, of Boston, Mass. The entertainment was free. The lady is a fine actor and rendered her programme very graphically. Among the selections given were "The Ride of Jennie McNeal, a Heroine of '76," Mrs. Murphy's Quilting," "The Small Boy's First Composition," "Penelope's Christmas Dance," "Drafted," and the "Naughty Little Girl." Mr. Odebrecht interpreted the speaker, and at times he, Mr. O, seemed to be entirely carried away by the speaker's eloquence or fine acting.

The Ladies Aid Society held its regular meeting Tuesday evening, in the Library. It was decided to purchase some needed kitchen utensils for the Home, and also to send some Christmas tokens to each of the persons being cared for there. Miss Sarah Cottrill was admitted to membership of the Society. Mrs. Rose, Miss Greener and Mrs. Smith were appointed a nominating committee for officers to be chosen at the next meeting.

The Cleveland Aid Society held its last meeting at the residence of Mrs. Christian Meyer. Mrs. Meyer was elected President and Treasurer; Mrs. Cowley, Vice-President; and Mrs Neillie, Secretary. They agreed to give a Thanksgiving Social at the residence of Mrs. Cowley, on Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Charles Neillie was added to the membership of the Society.

Mrs. Emma Bard resumed work in the bindery Thursday. It will be some time yet before there is a rush of work there.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sawhill, of Mansfield, O., celebrated their forty-fourth wedding anniversary on Wednesday of last week, and a large number of their friends called to congratulate them on the occasion The rooms were tastefully decorated with potted plants and chrysanthemums of several colors. A large number of presents were given Mr. and Mrs. Sawhill by their friends, as a reminder of the happy occasion, and, as a wind up, a fine supper was served the guests, to which all did ample justice.

HOME NOTES.

A number of pupils went up to the Home, Saturday, under the charge of Mr. School, to husk corn, and do some odd jobs. The boys do not ask pay for their work, giving it, as their mite towards the worthy object.

The Boys' Literary Society gave $37 to the Home fund, to be used in erecting a hen house and part of the money is being spent for materials for that purpose.

Mr. Joseph Leib, being laid off from work part of this week, went up to the Home and put in his time building the hen house. The work is given free, gratis. Messrs. John Leib and Charles M. Deem have donated a carpet sweeper to the Home.

Heretofore the butter used at the Home has been bought, and the item amounted to quite a sum each month. As a matter of saving, another cow has been purchased, and the Home feasts on butter of its own churning, besides having plenty of cream and milk.

Mr. Charles Anderson, a former boys' attendant here, but now of Iowa, was a visitor at the Institution Friday.

Nov. 19, '98. A. B. G.

SUNDRY ITEMS.

Mr. Jacob Swartz is now in St. Catharine's Hospital, in the Borough of Brooklyn, with a serious ailment.

Mr. John B. Valles is to wed to Miss Mary Robinson, on Thanksgiving eve. Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain will officiate

Mrs. Mary C. Siegman, of Nashville, Tenn., who had been visiting her deaf friends of Braddock and Pittsburg, returned home last Saturday.

There will be a surprised party, given to Mr. and Mrs Fred. Farke, of Allegheny City, Pa., to-night (Saturday, November 19th). Messrs. B. R. Allabough and Matt Mullen will be the engineers of the affair. The deaf of Braddock will attend in a body.

The Steel Departments of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, of Braddock, Pa., shut down for repairs last week. Mr. William Friend went to Butler County to visit his wife's relatives, of Grover City and Butler, Pa. He bagged seven rabbits in one afternoon. He reported that rabbits were plentiful, but the farmers were opposed to hunting without permission.

BROOKLYN GUILD.

Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes will meet at St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, December 1st, 1898, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance of Guild members is requested. Important business.

By order of the president.
WM. G. GILBERT,
Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.

26—Evening. Chicago.
27—11.00 A.M. Chicago. Holy Communion.
27—3.00 P.M. Chicago. Service.

Other appointments may be made between these, in case of which notice will be given by mail.

The Weaver.

Beside the loom of life I stand
And watch the busy shuttle go;
The threads I hold within my hand
Make up the filling; strand on strand
They slip my fingers through, and so
This web of mine fills out apace,
While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine
And colored with a sunny dye;
Again the threads so roughly twine
And weave so darkly line on line
My heart misgives me. Th n would I
Fain lose this web—begin anew—
But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day this web will all be done,
The shuttle quiet in its place,
From out my hold the threads be run;
And friends at setting of the sun
Will come to look upon my face,
And say: "Mistakes she made not few,
Yet wove, perchance, as best she knew."
—THE INDEPENDENT.

Lots of men join a secret society because they think its emblem will show up well on their watch chains.

FANWOOD.

Principal Currier Tells About Harvey P. Peet.

COMPANY A WINS THE FLAG.

The News of the Week.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

Saturday morning dawned cheerlessly, with gray skies from which the rain fell incessantly. The boys killed time in the gymnasium, and the girls did very well in their study room. In the evening all assembled in the chapel, where Principal Currier delivered a short discourse on the life of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet. In substance it was as follows:—

To-night we are gathered here to renew the memories connected with the life-work of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, Ph.D., LL.D., the greatest Principal this Institution has ever had. It is a difficult matter to put in a small space the deeds of a large life and it is a task that I shrink from, because I cannot do justice to it. My time is limited to minutes, and as it would require hours to recite all of his life-work, I can only give you the main facts in his career. Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet was born in the little village of Bethlehem, Litchfield County, Conn., on November 19th, 1794. His parents were poor but respectable, and as a boy, young Mr. Peet assisted his father on his farm. He had none of the educational advantages you of the present day enjoy. He devoted his winters to going to school, and in the summer, worked on the farm to pay his tuition. Had he been born of wealthy parents, it is doubtful whether he would have been the noted man he was in after years. His struggles for an education made him self-reliant and persevering, and did much towards strengthening his character. In his studies he made such rapid advancement that he was finally sent to Philips Academy, Andover, Mass., and thence he went to Yale College where he completed his education. In both these places he worked hard, doing odd jobs to pay his tuition.

New England people at that time were very religious, and young Mr. Peet was preparing to enter the Ministry. At his graduation he ranked among the first ten of his class. His next step in life was that which links his life to ours.

Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founder of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, Conn., took a fancy to Mr. Peet, and persuaded him to become a teacher at his school. This Mr. Peet did with some reluctance, but finally became interested in the deaf, and from 1822 to 1831 was connected with the Hartford School as a teacher and supervisor.

The New York Institution was then in its infancy, and the Directors cast around for a suitable person to take control. Accordingly in 1831, Dr. Peet transferred his services to the New York Institution at 50th Street this city. From this dates a new era in the history of the Institution. Under his vigorous management, the Institution became more systematic. He introduced many changes his far-seeing mind thought necessary. The number of pupils increased, and the Institution itself became more widely known. He saw the limited term of three years was not sufficient, and by appeals to the legislature at Albany, gained increases, till at last it was fixed at eight years, with an additional three years in the High Class. Twice he was obliged to add to the accommodations of the Institution, and a third addition was contemplated, but forseeing that another addition would unfavorably contract the out-of-door space surrounding the Institution by the construction of new streets and avenues, the Directors subsequently sold the property at 50th Street, and purchased from the Colonel James Monroe, his beautiful country seat, known as "Fanwood," at Washington Heights. Dr. Peet himself prepared the plans of the buildings, and in 1853 work on them was commenced. Three years afterward, on December 4th (the birthday of his son, Isaac Lewis Peet), 315 pupils left the old Institution for their new house on the banks of the Hudson.

Dr Peet now set about towards providing books for the use of the deaf, there being none suitable to their needs at that time. The founudations of language are embraced in Parts I, II, and III. He also compiled scripture lessons for their religious training and a history of the United States.

So you see the man whose memory we honor was an author as well as a teacher. He also wrote various articles on the deaf, and matters relating to their education, and by doing so kept the cause of deaf-mute education contiuually before the public. An exhibition ofacquirements of selected pupils, through various towns up the State as far as Buffalo, did much to arouse public interest, and more generous provisions were made for their instruction. He even went to Europe to observe the methods employed in instructing the deaf there.

In 1867 he retired from active duty as Principal, and was succeedby his son, Isaac Lewis Peet, but continued to live in the Mansion House, and render valuable assistance, strengthening the hands of his successor, till his death, which occurred January 1st, 1873.

The funeral services were held in the Institution, in the presence of the pupils, officers and members of the Board of Directors, many prominent men being present, among them Prof. Day, of Yale College, Rev. William Adams, Rev. Dr Stoddard, and others. The remains were taken to Hartford, Connecticut, forbnrial.

The first celebration of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet's birthday was in 1873, and November 19th will always be observed as long as this Institution remains, as a day set apart for the honor of him who did so much for us, and for all those who have aided in the cause of deaf-mute education.

Dr. Peet was a lover of discipline, hence it is fitting that his birthday be observed with the competitive military drill, and we can pay no higher tribute his memory than by making our lives the success he wished them to be and for which he labored so long and faithfully.

Towards the close, Principal Currier read a letter from Dr. I. L. Peet, whom it is to be regretted was not able to be present.

Monday afternoon the pupils were given a half holiday. After dinner the boys donned their new winter uniforms, and at 3.30 P.M. Adjutant Butler, of the 122d Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., arrived in company with Major Van Tassell, and acted as judge in the competitive military drill for the colors. After battalion parade and review, Company B went through the ordeal. Company C followed, while Company A stood still and shivered, waiting for their turn.

All three companies did very well, and it must have surprised Lieut. Butler, for the last time he was here the cadets were without guns, and the way they handled them that afternoon proved how well they had learned the manual of arms. At the conclusion the colors were awarded to Company A, Captain John H. Keiser. The officers, teachers and pupils of the gentler sex, were lined along the parade ground, and did much in encouraging the cadets to do their best. Cadets Elsworth and Gaunt of Company A, were selected as color guard.

Some garlic-scented Spanish spy has been around Fanwood. Mr. Pettit, assistant floriculturist, has evidence to prove the above assertion. While raking up the leaves near the Mansion House, he found a silver Spanish coin the size of a dime, with the head of Charles IV. engraved on one side and the royal seal of Spain on the other. The date is obliterated but the inscription is plain. Mr. Pettit thinks it was intended for a bribe, but our learned tutor, William G. Shanks, says it must have been dropped by some Spanish nobleman while paying his respects to President Monroe, to whom the Mansion House originally belonged.

Sergeant William Brown, when off duty, devotes his time to doing "stunts" on his wheel, to the great detriment of his machine.

Wednesday, most of the pupils dispersed to their homes to spend the Thanksgiving Holidays.

Cadet Heerdt attended the ball of the Amity Club, at Murray Hill Lyceum, last week. He is a member of that organization.

Mr. Walker, Principal of the Industrial Department, Mt. Airy School, was a visitor Monday morning, and was shown through the buildings and grounds.

J. H. K.

Fooled Them.

A one-half column account of the deaf-mutes' picnic held some where outside of Chicago several months ago, was recently publishedin the Washington *Star*, and just now reproduced in the Troy *Press*. The Chicago reporter of the *Star* who was assigned to report the picnic incidents, etc., for that paper, explained how he with his friend was fooled when introduced by one of the committee men to two young hearing women, whom he took to be the deaf-mutes, like others at the picnic. The following extract will best explain itself:

My friend and myself were just about to bid the two young women adieu by means of our own little sign manual, when they both burst into merry laughter. My pal and I stood in the aisle like a pair of petrified men.

"'You need not look so intensely surprised,' one of the girls then said, smiling, in as musical a voice as you ever heard. 'We saw that you took us for mutes when you were presented to us—naturally enough, too—and so we both decided spontaneously and simultaneously to be mutes for an afternoon. We are simply friends of some of the ladies among the mute excursionists, and so we came along with them; Now we've got to rejoin them. Good-by,' and they both laughingly took their departure for another car to find their women friends."

NEW YORK.

The News in the Greater City.

EVENTS TO COME.

Comments on Matters and Things, and Personal Mention.

Theo. I. Lounsbary's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

Of the coming events, the reception and festival commemorating the 111th birthday of Thoms Hopkins Gallaudet, is the first, and the deaf of this city should help fill the Guild Rooms of the new St. Ann's Church on Saturday evening, December 10th, for a good time for all is promised, on the same scale as that of last year in St. Matthew's Church, which many will remember was one of the most successful entertainments ever held in even the old St. Ann's Church. It is fitting that the deaf should celebrate Gallaudet Day in this city, and while the Manhattan Literary Association has again undertaken the management, there is no reason for any one to keep away just because that association is in control of the affair. Let self-enjoyment be the principle, if there is no other reason for your presence, beyond honoring the illustrious Gallaudet.

The event to follow is the "Rally" in the same place on December 28th, of which more will be said later.

Then comes the Union League's entertainment and reception, on January 19th.

The New Jersey Society's entertainment follows, on Washington's birthday Eve, February 21st.

The L. E. S.'s affair will come off during the winter, but nothing has, as yet, been decided regarding its nature, place and date.

Before winter is over, the German Society of Deaf-Mutes will be out with some kind of an announcement, probably a repetition of the jolly good gathering last year down in Germania Hall, where there was competitive yarn spining.

Next Tuesday, November 22d, in the evening, will afford the first opportunity for all to inspect the inside of the new St. Ann's Church, when the Guild meets.

The *Register* hints that the League of Elect Surds might use the Guild Rooms of the new church, but it would seem that that organization would look with disfavor upon any such proposition. It has always paid rent, or its equivalent in other ways, and being a club for mutual enjoyment as well as mutual benefit, it would naturally need rooms where no limitations were placed upon them as to hours and discussions.

In an institution paper of another State, a writer suggests that the deaf should get together and form political organizations. This is a good idea, but thinking the matter over, it must be asked as to whether it is practicable. Past events have taught more than can be yet learned by putting it into practice. Generally, political organizations have a few of its members appointed to Federal, State or municipal offices, in recognition for their services in any compaign, and as the number appointed is dependent on its numerical strength, it is doubtful if a sufficient number of either Republican or Democratic deaf-mutes can get together and *stay* together. The reasons for this can best be imagined.

The same writer also criticizes the practice of one or a trio of the deaf getting money from the State or County Campaign Committees, and goes so far as to state that a certain individual got between $200 and $250. The strange thing about this is that this same writer went to the Republican State Committee in anticipation of getting $100 or $200 to stump the State. Of course he failed, or rather was referred to the County Committee, to whom he went, and finding three others were already engaged to look after a meeting, he forced himself into that committee, but unfortunately he was out of town when a check was made out to these three gentlemen, with instructions as to its use, which did not include "this same writer." But not to be outdone, he again approached the secretary and said this and that reflectiug upon the three gentlemen, and on the eve of the meeting which these three gentlemen successfully engineered, he was handed a five dollar bill with the remark by the private secretary: "This is out of my personal funds." Now, "this same writer" never did a thing to earn even a fraction of that money, and the best he did was to help swell the attendance by dropping in for an hour, standing in the rear, and incidentally he got into hot argumentative gesticulations with another, attracting attention.

Now, why should he "squeal?" Oh, such fudge as is thrust upon us by this carping critic! The editorial in the *Register* two weeks ago, on the "Everlasting Carper," fits him to a nicety, but yet don't go far enough.

Are not there plenty of subjects to write on, to theorize on, to criticize, to praise and to condemn, other than persons and personalities. Why must individuals be made targets for the penny-a-liner's denunciations?

William S. Abrams has been chosen sexton of the new St. Ann's Church, and will soon enter upon his duties of caring for the premises.

The Edison legacy which left $10,000 to the Church Mission for the deaf, and which was contested, has at last been settled to the extent of giving the Church Mission $6,666.66, and the other one third may also be secured. This is a great relief, as there was some fear of losing it all.

Now what are we to do with our new St. Ann's Church?

First—Sever the string that was given with it.

Mrs. William Hutton has returned to her home in Arlington, N. J., after a few weeks' stay in Philadelphia, and on November 14th, a large circle of friends called on Mr. and Mrs. Hutton to extent greetings on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

Patrick Giddings, formerly of Lexington Avenue School, died last Wednesday at St. Joseph's Hospital. He suffered a long time with consumption. He had been connected with the Deaf Mutes' Union League and Lexington Athletic Club.

F. W. Meinken has retired from the management of the New York Deaf-Mute Basket Ball team. A. McL. Baxter steps into his boots.

A. L. Pach declares in the *Silent Worker* that the Silent Wheelmen as an organization is dead. No, my dear Alex.; it's very much alive, and there was not a livelier club than the Silent Wheelmen on Election night last. It is the talk of the town even now. Numerical strength has nothing to do with it. It meets quarterly, and so long as it does it will exist. Runs are merely an incident of the organization.

The November number of the *Silent Worker* contains half-tone illustrations of the Lexington Avenue School, the blacksmith shop and a kindergarten class. It also contains a good cut of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet laying the corner stone of the new St. Ann's Church.

The M. L. A. will hold its meetings in the new St. Ann's Church. This organization was born in the old one and always met there. During the two years that the deaf had no church they could call their own, the association met at the home of members, by turns.

There were several of the deaf here who owned tandems bicycles, but about all of them have discarded them for singles. There is the disadvantage in tandems of not bring able to see each other and talk while mounted.

Moritz Schoenfield has received a letter from M. Albin Watzulik, of Germany, who says he is sick with a bad case of rheumatism but wishes to be remembered to his friends in New York.

The Reception to Rev. Dr. Chamberlain.

The Brooklyn Guild decided to give a reception to Dr. John Chamberlain in St. Mark's guild room, on December 15th next. The programme already mapped out is that Rev. Dr. Caamberlain will give a short address about his recent trip to Europe, and then a reception and light refreshments will follow. The reason that the Guild gives the reception is because the deaf of New York City abandoned the proposed reception which was intended for Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain on his arrival from a European trip. A committee was appointed, and after a discussion a banquet was decided upon, but unfortunately there was a clash among the committee as to prices of admission. The banquet was then given up, and a reception in St. Matthew's guild room was suggested, but, either from lack of interest or sluggish indifference which is noticeable among the civilized deaf (?), the proposed reception was quietly sunk into unknown depths. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain's many years of toil for the deaf unappreciated! Shame on the deaf of New York City! What do you thing of the deaf who are more intelligent and progressive in every walk of life than twenty-five years ago, but, alas! have no sense of being ambitious and seem satisfied to be staying in the mire of "sluggish indifference."

Chairman Wm. Gilbert, assisted by Messrs. Adler and Sanford, are in charge of the reception. Brooklyn deaf should set a good example in helping make it a social affair. Come and help the Guild with your money and presence. The deaf in Brooklyn should not stay at home and let the guild fail, and become the laughing stock of the deaf in Greater New York City.

TIM.

In all things it is better to hope than to despair.

PHILADELPHIA.

To Celebrate All Souls' Tenth Anniversary.

TABLET UNVEILED AT MT. AIRY.

Events of the Week in Brief.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Arrangements are being made for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the dedication of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, on Thursday evening, December 8th. So far, it has been decided to hold appropriate exercises in the church, with addresses by prominent churchmen and others, and afterwards a reception. Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker, D D., LL D., Bishop of the Diocese, will be one of the speakers.

It is desired to make the service the occasion for a silver offering to pay off the debt of the church, and an earnest plea has been made by Pastor Koehler to the members of the congregation to assist in making it as large as possible.

No charge will be made for admission to the reception, but the hope is expressed that the deaf and their friends will all join in the silver offering, and thus show their interest in the church.

We shall look forward to this event for a pleasant and profitable evening.

Rev Job Turner made his appearance here unexpectedly last Friday, and remained till Sunday evening. His journey hither was made in the interest of a Virginia family, whose daughter he brought to the Mt. Airy School. On Sunday he took the opportunity to visit All Souls' Church, and made an address before the Bible classes.

The three trees that formerly stood in front of All Souls' Church and had grown into such an unseemly condition have been entirely removed, revealing the plain front of the church more than ever. It seems as though the removal of the trees was the first step of the rebuilding project.

We are indebted to the *Mt. Airy World* for the following account of a graceful and happy event, which occurred on November 11th:

"Our teachers and pupils, together with quite a large assemblage of their friends, witnessed a scene in the new industrial building, on Friday evening, that was scarcely down in the bills. They had assembled in the gymnasium in response to an invitation from Mr. Morris, anticipating simply a little informal reception to serve as a sort of house-warming for the new hall They had scarce assembled, however, ere their suspicion was aroused that there was something else on the *menu*, and the suspicion was largely confirmed by the presence at one end of the room of a large easel, bearing something draped in an American flag. Around this all present were gathered, and promptly at eight Old Glory was removed, disclosing a large memoral tablet in marble, upon which was inscribed the following:

This building
is given by a friend
to the
Pennsylvania Institution
for the
Deaf and Dumb,
as a token of regard
for
A. L. E. CROUTER, LL.D
and
in recognition of his devoted
and untiring interest in the Deaf
and
for his faithful services of thirty
years to the institution.

—o—

A. D. MDCCCXCVIII.

"Dr. Harris followed the unveiling with a beautiful and touching tribute to the work and worth of Dr. Crouter and was responded to as feelingly, by the Doctor. In his resume of the events of the past quarter of a century in the institution history, and his references to the sad changes that have occurred, the latter touched a tender chord in almost every heart present.

"The address were followed by a collation of choice fruits, that had been provided by the generous host of the evening, in which all participated."

We have discovered that John W. Keely, of Keely motor fame, who died in this city last Friday, was a cousin of our deaf friend, Mr. Thomas D. Delp.

The masquerade ball to which we referred in our previous letter is announced to be held at Woodlynne Park, Camden, N. J. Our enterprising young friends have secured the free use of a hall there. The management also announces that "the proceeds from sale of tickets, less expenses, will be applied to the Home Fund of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf." That is certainly a worthy object, and we should be pleased to see it succeed. The ball is scheduled for New Year's Eve (December 31st.)

As the JOURNAL is expect to reach most of its subscribers on Thanksgiving Day, we shall take this last opportunity to remind the local deaf of the entertainment that is in store for them in the evening at All Souls' Hall. It is to be for the benefit of All Souls' Mission, and the admission fee will be only fifteen cents, including refreshments.

Our friend, John Yerkes, brother of Adolph, was out on a gunning expedition last week, and was so fortunate as to bag nineteen quails and twenty-one rabbits. If any one doubts this or suspects that John bought any of the quails or rabbits, he is ready to prove that he can use his gun with good effect. After his return from the wilds, his wife tendered him a "stag party" at their home on Cross Street, which came off very pleasntly. Among the invited guests were James Mitchell, John Kurtz, Albert Shinkle, Wm. Adonis, Adolph Yerkes, Chas. S. Yoder, John Kohlmann, Jr., and John Yerkes, Jr.

A friend kindly sent us the following:—Miss Leonard, who has charge of the primary department in the Northampton School, visited the Mt. Airy School in its several departments last week.

Christopher Scott, who graduated from the School at Doncaster, England, and recently arrived here from Leeds, has secured a position in Frankford, this city. He is a house painter and paper-hanger by occupation.

James D. Bitzer, a marble cutter who came here from Baltimore, Md., is said to have gone to New York City to ply his trade. His family may follow him later.

John A. Luke, recently of St. Louis, Mo, has not yet found employment. He is living with his mother here.

Messrs. E. D Wilson, R. E. Underwood and H. G. Gunkel, who constitute the Committee of the Clerc Literary Association to arrange a supper on Gallaudet Day, desire to be notified at once by those who wish to participate. It is not to be a money-making scheme nor an exclusive affair for the members of the Association, but one in which all may join by paying the price to be charged per plate. It is necessary to notify the committee in advance in order to secure a seat at the table. The members may be seen at the club-room on meeting nights.

Jerome T. Elwell probably has a steady position now in the mailing department of the *Sunday School Times*, with the possibility of advancement.

We are glad to report that the boys (John and Theodore) of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. E. Jones, who contracted diphtheria and were removed to the Municipal Hospital, are now out of danger. Their parents expect them home in a short time.

Mrs. Anna Chapman returned to the city last Tuesday after a protracted absence She had visited places in Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia.

William A. Church, of Cape May, N. J., makes frequent visits to this city. He was seen at All Souls' on Sunday.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, which employs about 5000 hands and among them two deaf-mutes, is enjoying its busiest season. The head of this big firm was formerly Mr. Parry, a brother of Mrs. Mary H. Rocap, our friend. His name is still retained by the firm, although he has been deceased for a number of years

The Mt. Airy boys will meet the Trinity A. A. team on Thanksgiving Day at Broad and Jackson Streets, and are to receive a purse of $75 for their trouble.

Nov. 21,–'98. J. S. R.

A New Club.

A permanent organization of the Brooklyn Club was effected last Saturday evening, by the election of Mr. Geo. L. Reynolds as President and Thomas Godfrey as Secretary-Treasurer. These gentlemen, with Mr. John Wilkinson, compose the Executive Committee of the Club. The Entertainment Committee is Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Mr. Frank M. Senior and Mr. W. G. Gilbert. The club is of a purely social nature, and none but members and their lady friends will be admitted to its socials without a special invitation.

Membership in the club is restricted to gentlemen and ladies living in Brooklyn. All such wishing to join the club must make application in writing, such application being endorsed by two active members and sent to the undersigned.

THOMAS GODFREY, *Secretary*,
67 Emerson Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Britain owns one fourth of the railways in the United States of America, and half of the railways of South America.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Victory Again Perches on Gallaudet's Banner.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY IS BEATEN.

And Still Eager for More Foes to Conquer on the Gridiron—The Usual College Happenings.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Once more has Gallaudet triumphed over one of the great Universities on the gridiron. This time it was the blue and gray of Georgetown that went down in defeat before the mighty rushes of the men who upheld the buff and blue. The score was seventeen to six in Gallaudet's favor, and that tells the tale in a nutshell; for it will be remembered that only a few weeks ago Georgetown defeated Gallaudet, eleven to nothing, and this shows how much improvement Gallaudet has made since then. In the former game Gallaudet was slow, fatally slow, and also weak at left tackle. But this time Georgetown could do nothing against the Gallaudet line while it was comparatively easy for Gallaudet to smash hers into kindling wood. To use a phrase of one of the *Post's* writers, "The Gallaudet rushers oozed through the Georgetown line like water through a sieve." The Georgetown line is almost as heavy as some of the Big Four, and the fact the Gallaudet was able to break it up speaks volumes for her offensive play, and equally as much credit is due her for the defensive work which she put up. The heavy Georgetown line was repeatedly held for downs. In fact, it was the Georgetown line and not her backs that lost her the game. Her line did not protect the backs, nor did it in the least break up the Gallaudet line for the backs to go through. Waters and Brooks did most of the line bucking for Gallaudet. Andree also did finely, while the ends, Geilfuss and Stutsman, made some brilliant runs around both Georgetown's wings. Some of the professors who have witnessed every season's work since Gallaudet first put a team in the field, pronounce Saturday's game the greatest that Gallaudet has ever won. It was not much of a sensation unless it was the sensation which Georgetown felt while Gallaudet was waltzing her up and down the field.

As the game advanced and it became more evident that Gallaudet was winning the enthusiasm of her rooters as the side lines would now grow into almost breathless calm, only to break forth again and again whenever any gains were made, while the Georgetown supporters stood on the other side with hands in their pockets and with downcast faces, gloomily watching their favorites take the bitter dose of medicine being administered to them. Gallaudet used the same play that she used against Johns Hopkins one week ago, and with the same telling effect. There isn't the slightest doubt but what this close formation play is the best line-smashing system ever employed by a foot-ball team It has the advantage of being so arranged that any man on the team can advance with the ball while the others fold themselves around him and push him through and at the same time keep off the enemy's tacklers. Georgetown was as completely mystified by it as was Hopkins, and only her greater weight saved her from crushing a defeat.

The game in detail: Georgetown opened the game with a kick-off to Bumgardner on the twenty-five yard line, who rushed it back ten yards. On the first line-up Geilfuss made twenty-three yards through Georgetown's left end, and Stutsman tried the other for one yard. The ball was here fumbled, but Bumgardner saved it for Gallaudet. Waters went through the line for six yards, then again for one. Stutsman was tried again but was downed for a loss of one yard, and Gallaudet tried a quarterback kick but Georgetown got the ball on her forty-five yard line. In three trials she just saved herself, and then by a trick play gained fifteen yards around Gallaudet's left end, and immediately repeated the gain around right. The ball then went back to Gallaudet on downs, and Waters was sent through right tackle for twenty yards. Brooks gained two yards through the line, and Waters one, then five. Geilfuss made four yards, L. Rosson one and Stutsman lost a half. Andree tried the line for two yards and Waters made five through the other side. Brooks and Waters alternating gained seven yards, and Geilfuss then made a pretty run around left end for twenty yards, placing the ball on Georgetown's seven-yard line, from which point Brooks was soon pushed over for a touchdown. Bumgardner failed to kick out far enough from the corner of the field and no try for goal was made. Score: Gallaudet, 5; Georgetown, 0. Time—fourteen minutes.

Georgetown kicked off to Waters on the ten-yard line and he took it back fifteen and Geilfuss added ten more by a run around left end. Gallaudet then lost the ball because of a foul tackle and Georgetown's chances for a tally appeared brighter. The ball was now on Gallaudet's thirty-five yard line. Georgetown circled left end for twenty-two yards, and then after a few short gains, Kenna was pushed through for a touchdown, and immediately kicked a goal. Score; Gallaudet, 5; Georgetown, 6, time four minutes.

Bumgardner kicked out of bounds over Georgetown's goal line, and Georgetown brought it out to the twenty-five yard line, from which a free kick sent the ball to Waters on Gallaudet's five-yard line. He took it back twelve yards and Gallaudet failing to gain, kicked to the forty-five yard line. Georgetown advanced it back to Gallaudet's ten, yard line, when time for the half was called.

The second half was begun by a kick-off by Bumgardner to Georgetown's three-yard line, but it was taken back twenty yards. Georgetown lost on downs on her thirty-yard line, and in four minutes Gallaudet had carried it over her goal line for a touch-down by Waters. All the gains were made through the line by Waters, Brooks and Andree. Bumgardner kicked the goal. Score: Gallaudet, 11; Georgetown, 6. Time: Four minutes.

Georgetown's kick-off went to Waters on the three-yard line, he taking it back twenty yards. Gallaudet repeated the gains through the line, Brooks, Waters and Andree alternating. Brooks made two rushes through the line for twelve and ten yards, besides several others for shorter gains and Waters did equally as well, finally going over the line for Gallaudet's third touch-down. Bumgardner again kicked a goal and the score stood: Gallaudet, 17; Georgetown, 6. Time: Eleven minutes.

There remained only six minutes of of play and doing that time Georgetown played for all she was worth, gaining the ball on downs on her forty yard line after Gallaudet had advanced it sixty yards. Georgetown's best run of the game now followed. By a trick play she skirted left end for fifty yards, Stutsman overtaking the runner and downing him on Gallaudet's twenty-yard line. On the next trial Georgetown advanced five yards, when holding was discovered in the line and the ball went to Gallaudet and with it all Georgetown's hope of scoring again. Geilfuss and Stutsman made good runs for ten and forty yards respectively and it looked like another touchdown for Gallaudet, but Georgetown rallied and got the ball on downs on her thirty-yard line. Andree, tackled Georgetown's man for a loss of five yards at the first trial, but at the next a trick enabled Kenna to make thirty yards, he fumbled when tackled however, and Hemstreet fell on the ball for Gallaudet. Gallaudet took it back to Georgetown's twenty-five yard line when time was called.

The line up:

GALLAUDET.	POSITIONS.	GEORGETOWN U.
Geilfuss	Left End,	T. English, Gracie
W. Rosson, Jones	Left Tackle,	Murphy, Cullen
Hemstreet	Left Guard, Centre,	Jones Long
Brooks	Right Guard,	Moore
Carpenter	Right Tackle,	J. English
Stutsman	Right End,	Green
Bumgardner	Quarter Back,	Lobit
L. Rosson	Left Half Back,	Casey
Andree	Right Half Back,	Owens
Waters	Full Back,	Kenna

Touchdowns—Waters (2), Brooks, Kenna. Goals—Bumgardner (2), Kenna. Referee—Mr. Doyle. Umpire—Prof. Hall, of Gallaudet. Linesmen—Ohlemacher, of Gallaudet and Moran, of Georgetown. Time—Two twenty minute halves.

Maryland Agricultural College has forfeited to St. Johns, and St. Johns defeated Johns Hopkins Saturday, 6 to 0. So the Colleges stand in rank as last year. Gallaudet, St. Johns, Johns Hopkins, Western Maryland and Maryland Agricultural.

I am unable to say whether this will be the last game or not. Negotations are in progress for a game with either University of Pennsylvania or the Reserves.

While away on his Northern trip, Dr. Gallaudet visited several Schools for the Deaf, and Friday night, before Prof. Chickering's magic lantern exhibition, he made a few remarks concerning his visit which were greatly enjoyed by the students, who were glad to know that the prospects for a better representation in the college from the New England section of the country are brighter. He said in part that he was courteously received at all the schools. At the New Jersey School two candidates are preparing for college. At the Lexington Avenue School, Miss Runck, '98, is teaching two hours a day orally in addition to her duties as librarian. The pupils there are now allowed to communicate with each other in any way they choose, and are not as formerly forbidden to use signs or the manual alphabet. The President of the Board of Trustees received Dr. Gallaudet most courteously, and expressed a desire to soon have representatives of the school enter the college. The same friendliness as of old was shown towards him at the Hartford School. At the Horace Mann School, he spoke of Dr. Crouter's remarks at Columbus, and urged that candidates for the college be presented. He stated that his suggestions were courteously received by Miss Fuller, but that she made no promises. At the Portland School, he found several boys eager to come to college. Miss Taylor promises that they shall come as soon as they are ready to do so. He said that Mr. Fister, '98, seemed very happy in his new situation, and Miss Taylor was entirely pleased with him. Mr. Brownson, editor of the Portland *Advertiser*, is president of the Board of Directors of the School. He and other members of the Board were most hospitable and courteous to Dr. Gallaudet while there.

At the Clarke School he spoke to Miss Yale as to Miss Fuller, of the sending of pupils to college. She said in reply that she had never advised a pupil not to come to the college, and that she had never feared that the speech of any pupil coming would be impaired here. But that she had always felt, and still did, that pupils of the Clarke School who wished to advance themselves further had better enter schools or colleges for the hearing, so that they might come into contact with hearing people earlier than they would if they went through our college. Dr. Gallaudet urged that they certainly would get much here that they could not secure in schools or colleges for the hearing, and that it was a pity so many deaf youths of New England should fail to profit by the benefactions of congress provided here. He closed his remarks by expressing the hope that his visit to Northampton and Boston and the work done in New England would bear fruit in due time.

Prof. Chickering's exhibition was of scenes in Egypt, Spain and the Holy Land, and was quite interesting. The "Lit" held a literary meeting, Saturday night. The program below was carried out:

Essay—"Early Navigation," by Mr. Stewart, '99. Debate—"Resolved, That man is descended, by process of evolution, from some lower animal." Messrs. Hughes, '02, and Erickson, I. C., successfully sustained the affirmative, while Messrs. J. Clark, '02, and Newell, I. C., argued in favor of the negative. Dialogue—"The Policy of Expansion," Messrs. Souder, '00, and Chambers, I. C. Declamation: "The Wife of Asdrubal," Mr. Moran, '01. Mr. Norris, '01, acted as critic, *vice* Mr. Bumgardner, '99, who was absent.

Dr. Gallaudet gave a Social to the Senior, and Junior classes Saturday night.

The Fresh girls were brave enough one day last week to kill one poor little mouse, but the anmsing part of the perfonance lies in the fact that they did it without disturbing the whole college.

Prof. Ely's sister, Miss Mabel, is spending a few days with him this week.

R. S. T.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer.
3 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany. Evening Prayer.

A meeting for the reorganization of the Literary Society of Albany and vicinity, will be held at St. Paul's Parish House, Jay Street, Albany, at 8:00 P.M., on Thursday, December 1st. All interested in this society are urged to be present.

H. VAN ALLEN,
Lay-Missionary.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NOVEMBER 27TH, FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, New York.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

The first service of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, will be held on the Second Sunday in Advent, December 4th, at 3 P.M., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

The services for deaf-mutes in Brooklyn, Newark and Yonkers, will be omitted on December 4th, in order that as many as possible may attend the opening service of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.

25—7.30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
26—7.30 P.M., St. John's, Oneida. Lecture.
27—10 P.M., St John's, Oneida.
27—1.45 P.M., Trinity, Utica. Holy Communion.
27—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

Dutch Wedding an Ordeal.

A Dutch wedding is a portentous business. Smart Holland does its devotions in barn-like French Protestant churches. The wedding service is mournful to a degree, and lasts two hours. The bridegroom, in full evening dress, and the bride, in orthodox white satin, sit upon chairs in front of the black-robed minister. He delivers an extempore address fairly bristling with personalities. Meanwhile relatives sob in pews, until finally every one who can prove the remotest connection with the bride kisses her.

Next follows a tremendous breakfast in French style. It is "de rigueur" for all the friends of the bride to send her in the morning a bouquet or basket of white flowers plentifully ribboned. With numbers of those a very gay effect is produced, though the Dutch are lamentably behind the times in table decorations and posey making. With the advent of the "hors d'oeuvre" come speeches. The bride's brother or other delegate first rings a small hand-bell. Then, amid a silence broken by the cheerful clicking of knives and forks, a health is proposed. Then comes a quaint postscript to this very ordinary ceremonial. Ladies and gentlemen must alike arise from their seats, and, solemnly filling up to the person toasted, touch his glass with their own. After a score of speeches the thing gets monotonous, but it is carried out to the bitter end. Any person omitted would feel aggrieved. In Holland it is the family before everything. A leading barrister was recently compelled to throw up an important case in order to attend the birthday party of an aged father who lived three hours distant by rail.

The Dutch are excellent husbands, but quite preposterously jealous. An Englishman who found himself in a party consisting almost entirely of assorted couples, ventured to pay a few compliments and mild attention to a charming young married woman. He even had the assurance to include her in a general offering of roses made to the company. The husband was furious. He cancelled a previously given dinner invitation, and there were awful rumors that, though duels are now very rare, he desired to challenge the offender, who wisely placed the sea between himself and his would-be-opponent.

Babies have a comfortable time enough in Holland, where the cramping swaddling pillow is replaced by English layettes. It is, however, expensive to know too many, for every woman who visits or is visited by nurse and infant for the first time must give the former at least five shillings.

Mourning is very long and very strict. Even the poorest leave off their gold cap pin and headpieces for more than a year after the death of a parent.—*London Globe.*

Deaf-Mutism No Bar To Bigamy.

DEFENCE THAT THE ACCUSED DID NOT HEAR THE CLERGYMAN DID NOT SAVE THE PRISONER.

BERLIN, Nov. 15.—A queer case of bigamy, which has puzzled the courts for some time, was decided to day. Christian Zuehlsdorf is a deaf-mute. He is a tailor, only thirty years of age, but in the brief period of five years has been divorced from his first wife, separated from his second and married his third, Marie Mueller, before he was legally set free.

The defence tried to show that as the prisoner was a deaf-mute he did not and could not know what the ceremony at the third wedding implied. The case was carried to the Appellate Court, which decided that a man with as much matrimonial experience as Zuehlsdorf possessed ought to have known the significance of the actions of the minister who performed the last nuptial ceremonies, even if he could not hear a word of what was spoken. He was condemned to six months' imprisonment at hard labor.

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

Nearly all the gold coin in circulation in the Sandwich islands is of United States mintage.

In a golf match at Paynes Park, England, recently, a lark flying across the grounds was hit by a golf ball and decapitated.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape Photographer . . .
Railway Scenery a Specialty

We also make Etchings on Copper and Zinc from our own Negatives only

Livingston, N. J.
New York Office
401 W. 59th St. Cor. Columbus Ave

Mr. A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute, who is at our Prince Street store, is ready at all times to cater to the wants of all those to whom he can make himself understood.

He can offer clothes, shoes, hats and furnishings for man and boy; for warm weather and cold, for wet weather and dry; for any and every occasion.

If you live out of town he will send you samples, finished goods on approval, goods which you may return for alteration, exchange, or refund of money, if not satisfactory.

Suppose you try it.

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—or—
No. 224 East 102d Street,
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A $7.00 Book of Eugene Field's Poems.

Handsome Illustrated by thirty-two of the World's Greatest Artists.

Given Free

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscribe any amount desired. Subscriptions as low as $1.00 will entitle the donor to the handsome volume (cloth bound, 8x11), as a souvenir certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than $7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address:

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND
180 Monroe St., Chicago.

(Also at Book Stores)

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cts.

Mention the JOURNAL, as adv. is inserted as our Contribution.

Manhattan Literary Ass'n

Festival and Reception

COMMEMORATING THE

111TH BIRTHDAY

OF

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET

ON

Saturday Eve., Dec. 10.
AT 7:30 O'CLOCK

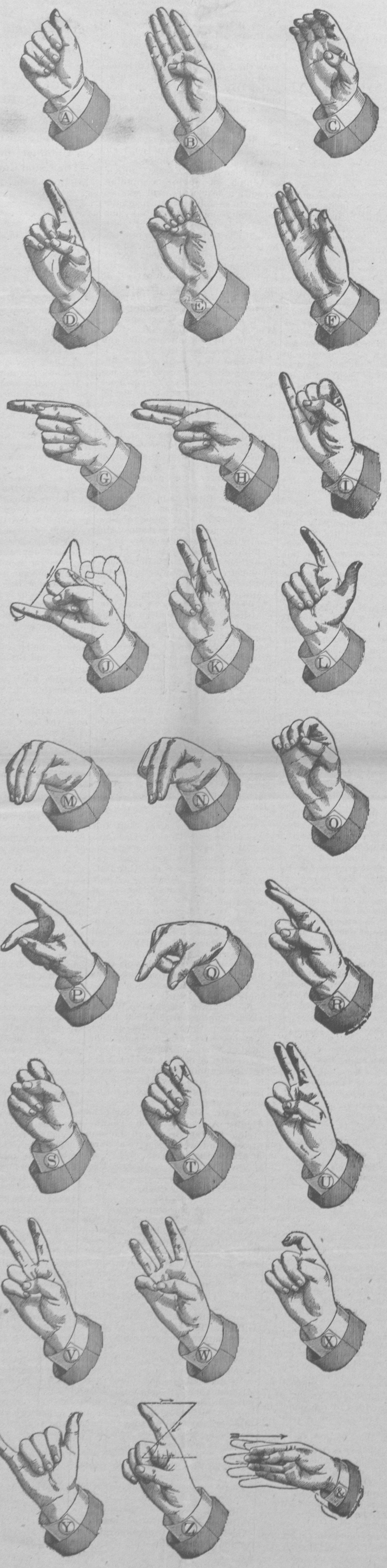
New St. Ann's Guild Rooms
(148th St., West of Amsterdam Ave.)

Refreshments will be served by one of New York's noted caterers.

Admission, - 50 cents

It is advisable to procure tickets before December 7th. Tickets can be had of any member, or apply to the Secretary, T. A. Froehlich, 125 East 86th Street, New York City.

American Manual Alphabet.



ANNOUNCEMENT

SPACE RESERVED
for the
NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY'S
THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT

FEBRUARY 21, 1899

Further Notice Later.

NINTH YEAR
ENTERTAINMENT AND RECEPTION
OF THE
Deaf-Mutes' Union League
AT THE
Central Opera House Assembly Rooms
(67th Street and 3d Anenue.)

THURSDAY, -:- JANUARY 19, -:- 1899
(AT 8 P.M.)

PROF. D. L. ELMENDORF, THE WELL KNOWN LECTURER, WILL EXHIBIT A VERY LARGE NUMBER OF WAR VIEWS, TAKEN BY HIMSELF.

Musical Director, - - - Leopold Fuenkenstein

Tickets, - - - - Fifty cents
Children's tickets (under 12 years of age) **Twenty-five cents.**
including Wardrobe check.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:
MARX LEVY, Chairman,
M. W. LOEW, F. A. SIMONSON,
S. A. GOMPRECHT, S. FRANKENHEIM, Treasurer.

Address all communications to the Chairman, 2219 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

GRAND Xmas Rally
to be given by the
Guild of Silent Workers
....AT....
St. Ann's Church
(148th Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Grand Boulevard.)
Wednesday Evening, December 28, 1898
at eight o'clock.

Tickets, - - 25 cents.
including presents and refreshments.

COMMITTEE:
WILLIAM S. ABRAMS, Chairman,
MRS. WILHELMA BUHLE.

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